

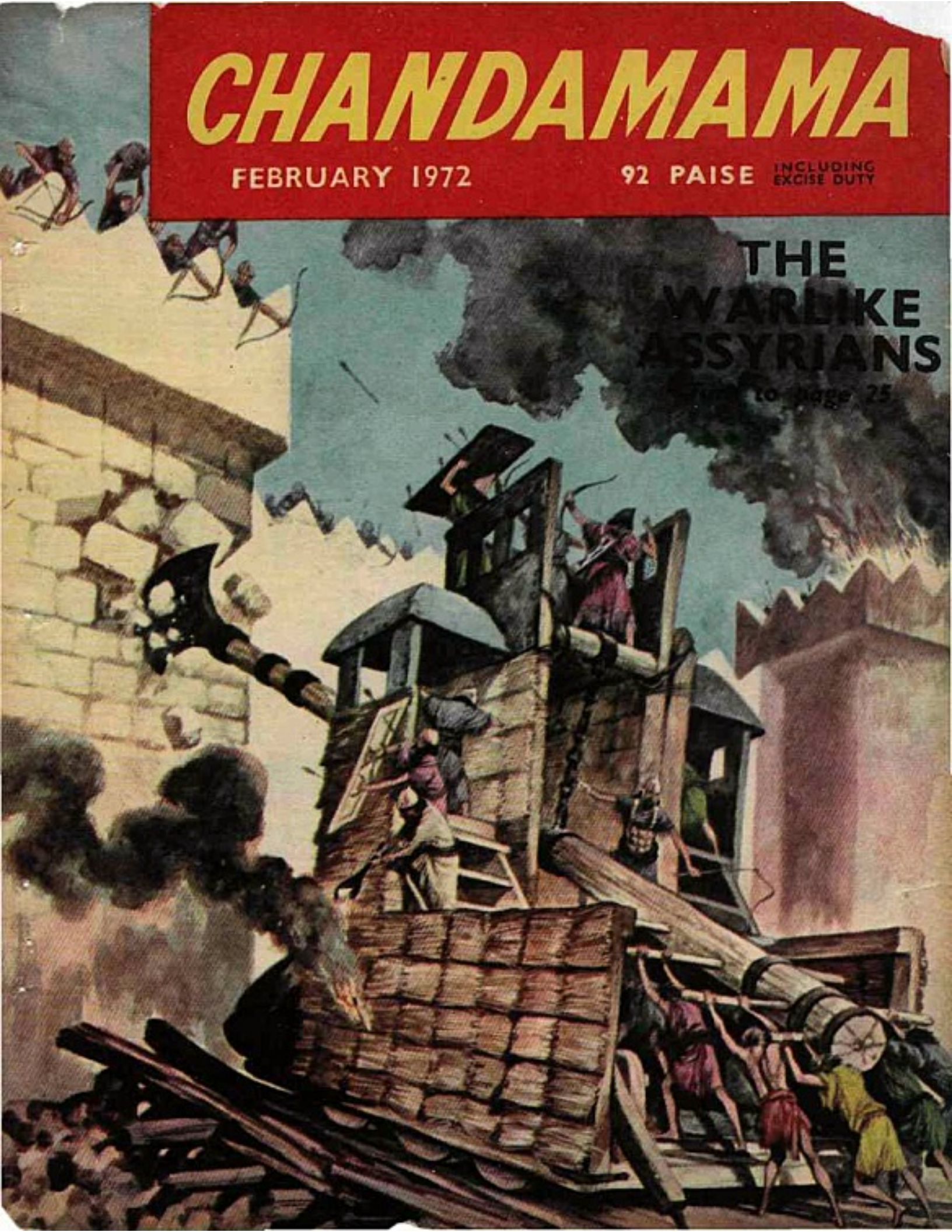
CHANDAMAMA

FEBRUARY 1972

92 PAISE INCLUDING
EXCISE DUTY

THE WARLIKE ASSYRIANS

Start to page 25



Goodness growacious!

A TONIC THAT
JUST INCREASES APPETITE IS
ONLY DOING HALF THE JOB.

***get Incremin...**

it turns extra eating into extra growth



***Incremin** TONIC

Incremin Syrup (with iron)
for older children — 175 ml & 57 ml
Incremin 10 ml Drops for babies ▶

***Join the Incremin gang...
and get an appetite for growing!**



Available at all chemists

* A registered trademark of American Cyanamid Company
LINTAS-INC. 20-537

Lickable...Likeable...Lovable.



Only
25
Paise!



NEW

PARLE

POPPINS
FRUITY SWEETS

13 delicious sweets in five fruity flavours in each handy,
low-priced pack—Lime, Lemon, Orange, Pineapple and Raspberry!

Poppins available in Maharashtra,
Gujarat and Madhya Pradesh only

SO ENJOY A SWEET TREAT—POP OUT POPPINS

SUPERB BOOKS for Chandamama Readers

THE NECTAR OF THE GODS

The story of Soumani, the little girl, who visited the Kingdom of the Gods. Written by Mathuram Boothalingam and lavishly illustrated: Price Rs. 4.00



SONS OF PANDU

Mathuram Boothalingam relates in lovely words the main story of the great Indian epic, Mahabharata. A story that will always endure: Price Rs. 5.25

Order direct from:
Dolton Agencies,
Chandamama Buildings, Madras - 26

SWAN PENS

FOR THE SPACE AGE STUDENTS



Swan pens are for the modern generation. Only Swan glides so smoothly and easily. Get a Swan Oxford or Cambridge pen—and happy moon landings!

For best results,
write with

SWAN
DELUXE INK

SWAN (INDIA) PVT. LTD.

Advani Chambers, P. Mehta Road,
Bombay-1.
Branch: 34-B, Connaught Place,
New Delhi-1

hero's SI -120





CHANDAMAMA

Vol. 2 No. 8 February 1972

THUMBELINA ...	6
<i>one of the oldest fairy stories</i>	
THE CITY OF ROGUES...	11
<i>the merchant learnt a lesson</i>	
OUR DUMB FRIENDS ...	18
<i>the story of a dog's great love</i>	
ROBIN HOOD ...	19
<i>you must read this exciting tale</i>	
PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST ...	24
<i>a chance to win a prize</i>	
THE WARLIKE ASSYRIANS ...	25
<i>our cover story</i>	
THE ENCHANTED STORKS ...	27
<i>the villains meet their doom</i>	
MAHABHARATA ...	32
<i>another episode from the great epic</i>	
THE VALIANT COWARD ...	36
<i>how the prince won his spurs</i>	
THE SPIDER'S WEB ...	42
<i>on which is woven a story</i>	
THE PRINCESS AND THE SCARF ...	44
<i>an old story from China</i>	
THE SLAVE ...	50
<i>his defence was good</i>	
THE PLOT THAT FAILED ...	51
<i>there's many a slip</i>	
CARD INDEX OF KNOWLEDGE ...	57
<i>let's take a look at Japan</i>	
THE MOUSE PRINCESS ...	59
<i>here is a very old favourite</i>	

Printed by B. V. Reddi at The Prasad Process Private Ltd.. and Published by B. Viswanatha Reddi for Chandamama Publications, 2 & 3, Arcot Road, Madras-26. Controlling Editor: 'Chakrapani'

THUMBELINA



Once there was a woman whose dearest wish was to have a child of her own, so she went to an old witch and asked her advice.

The witch gave her a barley-corn. "Plant it in a pot and see what happens," she said.

After a time, a beautiful tulip grew in the pot. "It is a lovely flower," said the woman and she gave the petals a kiss. As she did so, they burst open and there, inside, was a lovely little girl. She was no bigger than your thumb, so she was called Thumbelina.

The woman was delighted and she gave Thumbelina a walnut-shell for her bed. In the daytime, she played on the table under the woman's watchful eye, but one night, as Thumbelina lay sleeping, an ugly old toad hopped in through the window.

"What a pretty girl," she thought when she saw Thumbelina. "She would make a nice wife for my son." The

toad picked up the walnut-shell and hopped off down the garden.

The toad's son was even uglier than his mother and he croaked with delight when he saw Thumbelina. "She may try to run away," said the toad. "Let us take her out to the middle of the stream and put her on a water-lily leaf."

The toad swam out with Thumbelina's walnut-shell bed and placed it on the biggest water-lily leaf. Then she went back to prepare a room, in the mud around the bank, for her son and his new bride.

When Thumbelina awoke, she cried bitterly to find herself a prisoner on the water-lily leaf. The toad came back to fetch the walnut-bed and put it in the bed-chamber. "I have brought my son with me," she said to Thumbelina. "He is to be your husband. You will have a lovely home in the mud."

Thumbelina cried even harder when she heard this and the fishes, who had all heard the frog talking about her, popped their heads out of the water to have a look.

They felt so sorry for Thumbelina that they bit through the water-lily leaf so that it floated

away down the stream.

Thumbelina was very happy to be away from the toad. The sunlight gleamed golden on the water and a butterfly fluttered around her, so she took off her sash and tied one end of it round the butterfly. The other end she tied to the leaf and then she sped even faster down the stream.

Just then, a big cockchafer flew past. Seeing Thumbelina,



he clutched her around the waist and flew with her up into a tree. The leaf sailed on down the river.

The cockchafer brought all the other cockchafers to see Thumbelina for he thought how pretty she was, but the lady cockchafers said, "Isn't she ugly? Why she has only got two legs and no feelers at all."

Then the cockchafer began to think Thumbelina was ugly, too and he put her on a daisy and told her she could go where she liked.

Thumbelina cried to think that all the cockchafers said she was ugly, but she was soon busy plaiting grass to make herself a bed. This she hung under a dock-leaf, and she lived there in the wood all Summer. Her food was the honey from the flowers.

Then Winter came. Cold and hungry, Thumbelina found her way to the door of a field-mouse's home and asked for a little corn to eat.

"Come in, you poor child," said the field-mouse. "You can stay here for the Winter. All I ask is that you keep my rooms tidy and tell me plenty of stories."

Thumbelina stayed with the

field-mouse and was very comfortable. One day, the field-mouse said, "I shall soon be having a visit from my neighbour the mole. He wears a black velvet coat and has a huge house, but his sight is weak and he cannot stand the sunlight. However, he is very rich. It would be fine if you could have him as a husband."

The mole came to visit and he was charmed with Thumbelina's voice, as she told stories. He had made a long passage leading from his house to theirs and he told Thumbelina and the field-mouse they could walk there whenever they wished. "Do not mind the bird lying in the passage," he said. "It died at the beginning of the Winter."

Thumbelina felt sorry for the bird. That night, she took some hay and spread it around the bird. As it grew warm, it revived, for it was not dead. It told her how it had torn its wing on a bramble and been left behind when the other swallows flew away to warmer countries.

In Spring, Thumbelina made a hole in the roof of the passage and the bird flew away.

That Summer, the field-

mouse said, "You must begin to make your wedding-clothes. At the end of the Summer you will marry the mole."

Thumbelina wept, but the field-mouse would hear no objections.

At the end of the Summer, the mole came to fetch his bride. Thumbelina crept outside, for one last farewell to the bright sun.

There was a tweet-tweet overhead and there was the swallow, just passing. Thumbelina

told the bird how sad she was to have to live deep down in the earth with the mole.

"I am going to a warm country far away, for the Winter," said the swallow. "Climb on and come too."

Thumbelina climbed on the swallow's back and they flew away. At last they reached a country where the sun shone and flowers were in bloom.

They came to an ancient palace of glittering white marble, with white flowers



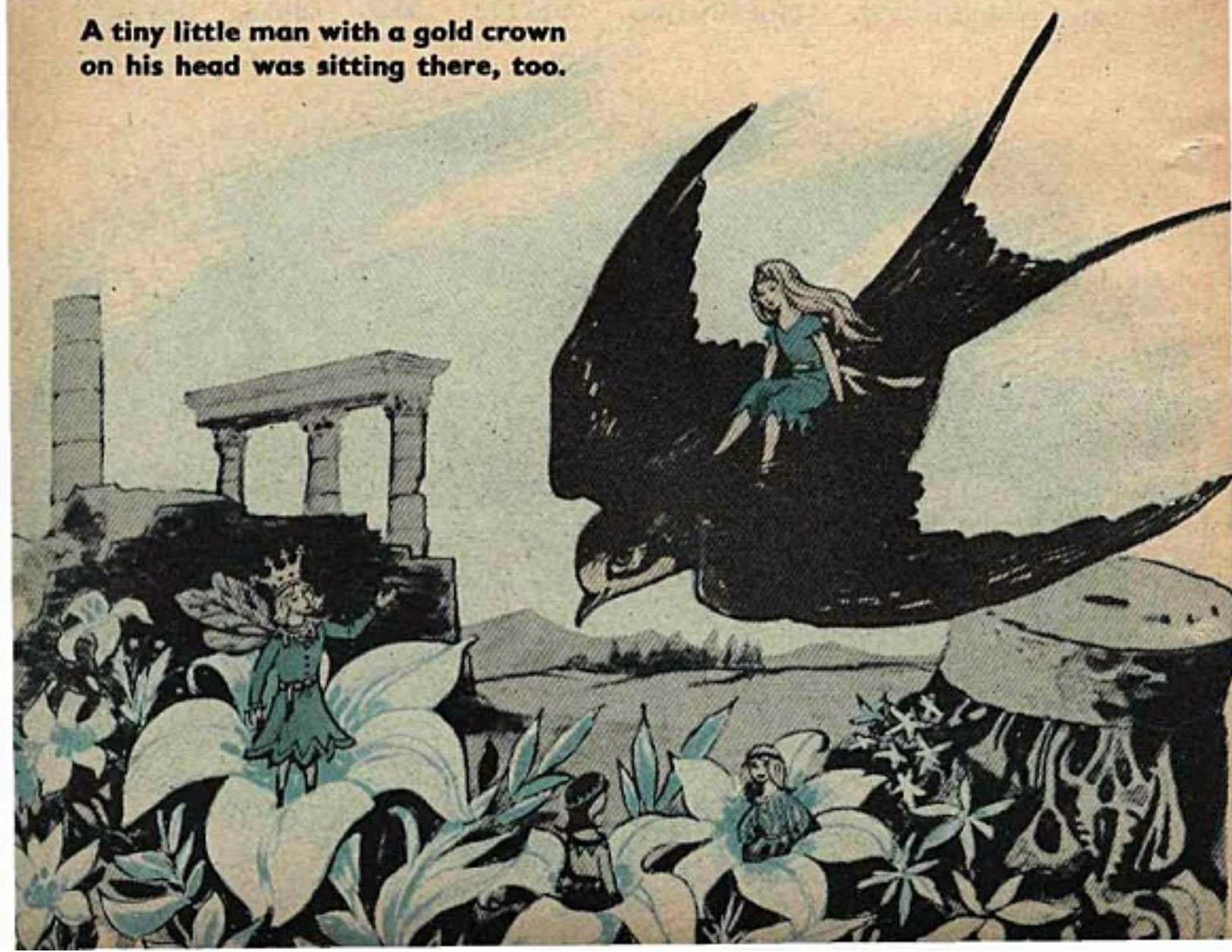
growing around the fallen marble columns. The swallow placed Thumbelina on one of the flowers and to her surprise, a tiny little man, dressed in white, with a gold crown was sitting there, too.

He was delighted when he saw Thumbelina. He told her that his people were the guardian spirits of the flowers and he was their king. He asked Thumbelina to marry him.

Thumbelina said yes at once. All the flower people brought their new queen a present and the best one was a pair of wings from a white fly, which were fastened to her back so that she could flit from flower to flower like the others.

Up in its nest the swallow sang for joy to see Thumbelina so happy at last, as Queen of the Flowers.

A tiny little man with a gold crown on his head was sitting there, too.





The Normans, led by Robert the Wolf, were helping Prince John to make himself King of England. They planned to attack the noblemen loyal to King Richard. They started with Newstead Tower, where the Earl of Huntingdon lived with his son, Robin. Robert the Wolf felt quite sure he would easily win the battle.

The Norman barons rode boldly up to Newstead Tower thinking to take the garrison by surprise. But they were sorely disappointed. High on the walls Robin called to his loyal men. "Now!" he roared. A shower of arrows drove the Norman barons back. Robin and his men were greatly outnumbered but their arrows were deadly aimed.





The Norman soldiers with their crossbows tried hard to stem the tide, but Robin and his men inflicted many casualties. The battle raged for hours until the night got darker. Then the Normans drew back and Rober the Wolf decided that fire was his only hope of victory.

With a pause in the fighting, the Earl of Huntingdon and Robin went to the top of the tower to see what the Normans were up to. Suddenly the Earl cried. "They are going to set fire to the house." Out of the night came the Normans carrying flaming torches which they threw on to the roofs of the buildings.



The old dry timbers of the house flared up and burst into roaring flames. The Normans surrounded the house, ready to kill anyone who escaped from the burning inferno. Robert the Wolf shook his mailed fist. "Come out, you Saxon dogs," he shouted, "or burn to death."



Robin and his men could not fight both the fire and the Normans as well, and the aged Earl said: "We must leave the house or perish in the flames, Robin." It was clear that Newstead Towers was doomed and they could not stay.

Calling his men together, Robin ran into the courtyard where he had the great oaken door opened wide. "We must fight our way through to freedom," he cried. "Charge!" Robin's men rushed to obey their gallant leader.





Robin led the way and his noble father, the Earl, was not far behind him. The Normans tried to stop them and there was a grim fight. Robert the Wolf, seeing the aged Earl in the thick of the fight, spurred his horse into the fray, and struck down the Earl of Huntingdon with his sword.

Robin and Will Scarlet rushed to help the stricken Earl, but there was nothing they could do except carry him out of the fight. The old man was dead and so Robin had become the new Earl of Huntingdon in his father's place.





Robert the Wolf had burned down Newstead Tower and killed the Earl of Huntingdon. He was satisfied and did not bother about Robin. That was a big mistake, because even at that moment Robin was vowing he would go on fighting the Normans all his life and would live in Sherwood Forest.



"We will bury my father in Sherwood Forest," he said to his men. They struggled on their weary way all through the short night into the heart of the forest. As the sun rose they found a glen where they felt sure Robert the Wolf would never find them, and they laid themselves down to rest.

ANOTHER EXCITING EPISODE IN NEXT ISSUE

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST

Here is your opportunity to win a cash prize!
Winning captions will be announced in the April issue



- ★ These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- ★ Prize of Rs. 20 will be awarded for the best double caption. Remember, entries must be received by the 29th February.
- ★ Your entry should be written on a postcard, giving your full name and address, together with age and sent to :

Photo Caption Contest,
Chandamama Magazine,
Madras-26.

Result of Photo Caption Contest in December Issue

The prize is awarded to
Mr. Deepak Malhan,
35, Vasundhara Bhulabhai Desai Road,
Bombay 26
Winning Entry—'Pride in Ride'—'Ride in Pride'

THE WARLIKE ASSYRIANS

The Kings of Assyria spent much of their time going to war. Almost every year the king would set out on a campaign with his army. The soldiers were so good that the Assyrians conquered all the countries around and came to rule the greatest empire the world had ever seen.

It was fine to be a soldier in the Assyrian army, for it usually won and the soldiers could plunder the cities which they destroyed. Many Assyrians made the army their career.

A feeling of terror swept through the people of foreign towns and villages if it was whispered that the Assyrian army was coming, for they knew the soldiers were fierce and cruel as well as being very brave.

Usually, however, the peasants and townsfolk were not badly treated. They were left to get on with their work once the area had been conquered.

It was the leaders of the city or state, the king, noblemen and city officials who were killed or ill-treated. Sometimes, if the people seemed likely to be troublesome, they were forcibly moved from one part of the empire to another, so that it was less easy for them to rebel.

Many of the soldiers were archers and they were famous for their skill at shooting. The archers were protected by the spearmen, who carried big shields. You can see an archer on the next page. At his side stands a spearman. With one hand he holds his long spear and with the other he holds his shield to cover the archer. There were men with slings too. They could hurl stones long distances.

When roads or bridges were needed, it was the job of the engineers to build them. They made their roads so that the army could move around more easily, but the traders found

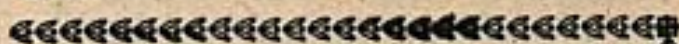
these good roads useful, too.

When the army reached the city it wanted to attack, the engineers were very busy. They had to do their best to destroy the city's defences. Some of them dug long tunnels under the walls, to weaken them. Others built ramps made of timber frames and filled with earth and stones. The battering rams were pushed up these, so that they could batter down the top part of the walls, which were the weakest part.

There were also several wooden platforms on the battering ram, built one above the other. Archers stood on these. When the battering rams had been rolled up the ramps, the archers were about the same height as the defenders of the city and they could shoot their arrows over the city walls.

At the rear came all the things the army needed to keep going. There were wagons and pack-asses carrying corn and oil for the soldiers and horses to eat, interpreters and scribes who kept the accounts and wrote a record of the battles.

When they had conquered an area, the Assyrians brought peace to it. Traders and their caravans could travel in safety, for they were protected by garrisons of soldiers stationed here and there. The people could live in peace, too, for they knew that with Assyrian soldiers near, they were not likely to be attacked.



At a party several young couples were discussing the difficulties of family budgets.

"I really don't want an awful lot of money," said one young matron. "I just wish we could afford to live the way we are living now."





THE ENCHANTED STORKS

Once upon a time, there lived a man called Chasid, who was the Caliph, or ruler, of the city of Bagdad. For some time, he had been meaning to reward his Grand vizier, the man who looked after the affairs of his

kingdom, with a small present for his many years of faithful service. One morning, a pedlar came to the palace, selling all kinds of wonderful gifts and the caliph thought it would be a good opportunity to buy some-

thing for the vizier.

The caliph summoned the vizier and from the pedlar's treasure chest he chose a pair of pistols for the vizier and a jewelled comb for his wife. Just as the pedlar was closing the chest, the caliph noticed a small drawer. "What do you keep in there?" he asked. The pedlar opened the drawer and took out a small box containing black powder and a piece of parchment. The man explained that the box and the parchment had been given to him by a merchant in exchange for some of his goods, but as he could not read the writing on the parchment he had never been able to find out what the black powder was for.

When the pedlar had gone, leaving behind the box and parchment, which was useless to him, the vizier, a learned man, studied it very carefully. "The writing is in Latin, my lord," he said finally, "and it is the instructions for using the black powder. According to this, if you take one sniff of the powder and say the word 'Mutabor,' you can change yourself into any animal you like and understand the language of all animals. To change back

into a normal being you must bow three times to the East and say the magic word again. However, if you so much as give one laugh while you are under the spell, the magic word will slip from your memory and will be an animal for the rest of your life."

The caliph could not wait to try the magic powder and he hurried outside, closely followed by a very worried vizier. "I think I shall change myself into a stork," he said, handing a pinch of powder to the vizier and taking a pinch for himself. "I have always thought they are such graceful birds and I have often wished I could fly." The two men cried "Mutabor," together and at once they were both changed into storks. As they strutted round the palace gardens, listening to the talk of the other animals, they suddenly caught sight of their reflections in the water of an ornamental pond and without warning both the caliph and the vizier burst into laughter at the sight of themselves. Then, realising their mistake, both of them hurriedly bowed to the East three times and tried to remember the magic word, but it was no use, they

had completely forgotten it.

For several days, the caliph and the vizier wandered round the palace gardens, trying to attract the attention of the servants, but nobody took any notice of what appeared to be two very tame storks. One morning, they were awoken by a great noise coming from the palace and when they went nearer, the caliph saw to his anger that the people were electing a new caliph. "The pedlar and his magic powder must have been a trick to make us disappear," said the caliph, "for you see who is being elected as the new caliph. It is Mizra, the son of my chief enemy, Kuschnur the magician."

The two storks flew away, not knowing what to do. Far across the desert they went until the caliph, spying a ruined palace below them, decided it was time to rest for the night. The two birds strutted through the entrance and along a corridor, looking for a suitable place to sleep. Suddenly, the caliph held up a wing for silence. The sound of somebody crying was coming from a nearby room and as the caliph poked his beak round the door he had the surprise of his life. Sitting

on the floor was a screech owl, crying so much that great big tears were rolling down its feathery cheeks and dropping on to the floor.



"Why are you crying, screech owl?" asked the caliph.

"Oh lord and master," replied the owl, "once I was a beautiful princess, but because I refused to marry Mizra, his wicked father, the magician, Kuschnur, changed me into an owl."

Before the caliph could find out any more, he heard the sound of footsteps and voices at the end of the corridor. All three birds peeped round the door and to their horror saw the magician Kuschnur, his son Mizra and the pedlar, disappearing into a large banqueting hall.

Suddenly the caliph had an idea. "If we can creep close enough to the hall and overhear their conversation, perhaps the magic word we have forgot-

ten will be mentioned," he whispered to the others. The caliph and the vizier crept up the corridor and hid behind a stone pillar.

They were just in time, for they heard the magician, Kuschnur, say, "Tell me, my pedlar friend, what word is it that would free the caliph and his vizier from the spell?"

"A difficult Latin word," replied the pedlar with a sly grin. "The word is 'Mutabor' and..."

The caliph and the vizier did not wait to hear any more. Rushing outside they both bowed three times to the East and cried "Mutabor" together. To their great joy they were changed back into normal peo-





ple again and when they turned round to look for the screech owl, they saw instead, a beautiful princess.

All three hurried back to the city of Bagdad and when the people saw that their beloved caliph had returned and heard what he had to say, they realised that they had been tricked by the wicked Kuschnur. They searched high and low for the evil magician, his son and the pedlar and when they were

found, they were brought before the caliph and made to take the black powder and say the magic word. All three were changed into storks and when they looked at one another, all three burst out laughing at the funny sight. They quite forgot the magic word and to this day all three wander the world, listening to the conversations of all animals in the hope that the magic word will be mentioned once again.



MAHABHARATA

The Story so far:

The Pandava princes with Draupadi, are forced to spend twelve years in exile. They live in a hermitage in the Kamyaka forest and are visited by the sages and Sri Krishna.

The great sage Vyasa came to console with the princes, and advised Arjuna to acquire celestial arms by penance and worship. Arjuna followed this advice, and having pleased the god Shiva, obtained his blessings and the pasupata weapon. Afterwards, Arjuna was taken to the Kingdom of the Gods, to pay homage to god Indra.

In the meantime Bhima, to please Draupadi, goes in search

of the Saugandhika flowers, and is seen by the god Hanuman, who decided to play an impish trick on Bhima. Hanuman lay down across the path, that Bhima would have to use, and banged the ground with his great tail. Bhima hearing the noise, hurried along the path to discover the cause of such a disturbance.

When Bhima saw what he thought was a huge monkey blocking the pathway, he tried to frighten the animal out of his way by shouting at it, but Hanuman just smiled and said. "Who are you? And where are you bound? You cannot go any further along this path, which

is the path of the gods. So go back."

Bhima, unused to being ordered around, grew angry and shouted. "A mere monkey telling me what to do. I am a prince of the Kuru race, and am the son of the Wind god. Now move your body out of my way."

"I am a very old monkey and have no strength," replied the monkey. "If you must go this way, then you will have to jump over me."

"The scriptures forbid it," retorted Bhima, "otherwise I would jump over you and the mountain in one bound, as Hanuman crossed the ocean."

"Who is this Hanuman?" the monkey asked.

"Have you never heard of the great Hanuman?" Bhima said disdainfully. "He is my elder brother, and he crossed a great ocean to find Sita, the wife of Rama. But enough of this idle talk. Move out of my way."

"You are so big and strong," said the monkey, very meekly. "And I am old and tired. So please lift me gently, then go your way."

Bhima, who was very proud of his strength, bent down and



Hanuman embraced his brother Bhima

clasp the monkey round the body, tried to lift him, and although he strained every muscle, it was impossible to move the monkey. Bathed in perspiration, Bhima looked keenly at the monkey. "Who are you? he asked. Are you a sadhu or a god?"

"O mighty Pandava, I am your brother Hanuman," replied the monkey, jumping to its feet. "I stopped you going along the path, for it leads to the spirit world, where the Yakshas and the Rakshasas abide. No man can go past here and live. But close by is



The demon Jatasura came in the guise of a priest

the stream where the Saugandhika plant grows."

Bhima was delighted to meet his brother again, and begged Hanuman to show him the form he took when he crossed the ocean to rescue Sita.

Hanuman smiled and began to increase the size of his body until he seemed to fill the entire landscape, and his figure radiated with a dazzling light. Then Hanuman contracted his body to its former size and tenderly embraced Bhima.

"O hero, go back to your hermitage," he said. "Think of me whenever you are in need. Fear not the future, for

when you roar on the battlefield my voice will join yours and strike terror in the hearts of your enemies."

Hanuman bid his brother goodbye, and directed him to the stream where the Saugandhika flowers bloomed, so that he could collect armfuls to take to the fair Draupadi.

Bhima returned to the hermitage in the forest, and it was not long afterwards that he encountered the vile demon Jatasura.

One evening, whilst Bhima was away hunting, a brahmin priest, who was actually Jatasura in disguise, called at the hermitage and asked for shelter. Yudhishtira bade the man welcome, but as soon as Yudhishtira's back was turned, Jatasura took on his own vile form and catching hold of Draupadi, tried to carry her off into the forest.

Bhima, returning from the hunt, heard Draupadi's screams, and dropping the game he had killed, ran towards the hermitage, and suddenly came on Jatasura struggling with Draupadi.

With a roar that shook the entire forest, Bhima rushed at the demon, and catching him



Bhima rushed at the demon

by the ankles, swung him round and round, then smashed him against a tree until all his bones were broken.

It was now five years since Arjuna had departed to the Kingdom of the Gods, and one morning, as the princes sat and wondered as to when their brother would return, a shining chariot descended from the sky, and out stepped Arjuna carrying wondrous gifts from the god

Indra.

There was great rejoicing at Arjuna's return to earth. For many hours Arjuna sat and told his brothers of all the marvels he had seen during his stay in the Kingdom of the Gods, and afterwards he showed his brothers and Draupadi the powerful celestial weapons which had been conferred on him by the Lord Shiva and the great God Indra.



The Valiant Coward

The King of Chatrapur was sorely worried. His only son, the heir apparent, Prince Manohar, was scared at the sight of blood. Only that morning, the remnants of a cavalry patrol, who had been ambushed by tribesmen, returned to the palace, bringing back their dead and wounded.

At the sight of the mutilated bodies the young prince turned deathly pale and had run trembling into the palace. The King was about to order the prince be brought back, when his chief minister spoke. "Have patience, Your Majesty," he said. "The prince is still very young, and will probably grow out of his timidity."

But the King who had taken part in many battles during his reign, was far from happy. We live in turbulent times, he thought. There always will be wars and if my son proves to be cowardly in battle, what hope is there for the kingdom.

As the years passed by, Prince Manohar grew into stalwart manhood. He was tall, good looking and well versed in statesmanship, but the mere talk of war and fighting sickened him, and he flatly refused to take over command of any of the royal troops.

Then came the day when the kingdom was threatened by an invasion of savage tribesmen who had come pouring down

from the northern mountains, killing and plundering in an orgy of destruction.

The King ordered the mobilisation of the entire army, and although he hoped that the bad news from the borders would rouse his son to lead the troops, the Prince was nowhere to be found. In the end the old King donned his armour and at the head of his army, successfully routed the invaders after several terrible battles, in which no quarter was given by either side.

When the victorious troops returned, the King with his army commanders were met at the palace gates by Prince Manohar, who tried to tell a most unconvincing story that he was away on a tiger hunt, and missed this glorious battle.

The King, without saying a word, rode silently on, and the Prince could not fail to see the look of utter contempt on the faces of the army commanders. On the following days, everyone avoided the Prince, and even the palace servants sniggered and branded the Prince a coward.

The Prince, realising his own shortcomings and deeply hurt at the attitude of everyone surrounding him, decided to leave



The Princess wondered who the stranger could be

the kingdom and try to overcome his fear of bloodshed and violence.

With just two trusted servants, the Prince travelled from kingdom to kingdom, always seeking but never finding an answer to his problem. Eventually he came to the Kingdom of Astagir, where he decided to rest for a few days. One morning as the Prince was riding through the city, he was seen by Princess Girija, the daughter of the King of Astagir. The Princess wondered who this handsome stranger could be, and when she learned through her servants

that the stranger was Prince Manohar, she begged her father, the King, to invite the Prince to stay at the royal palace.

The Prince and Princess soon became inseparable companions, and when the King assented to their betrothal, everyone showered the happy couple with their congratulations.

Soon after their wedding, disturbing news was received that tribesmen had crossed the border and pillaged several villages. The King, anxious to bestow honours on Prince Manohar, ordered him to command a body of troops to repel the invading tribesmen.

The Princess was jubilant that her husband would be in command of the troops, but when she saw the look of anguish on his face, she was shocked and implored him to tell her what was wrong.

"I cannot fight," he said dejectedly. "All my life I have been scared at the sight of blood. I am nothing but a coward, and I must tell the king I am not fit to command."

"No! no!" she said sternly. "Think of the disgrace you would bring on us. I am nearly as tall as you. So I will wear your armour and lead our

troops."

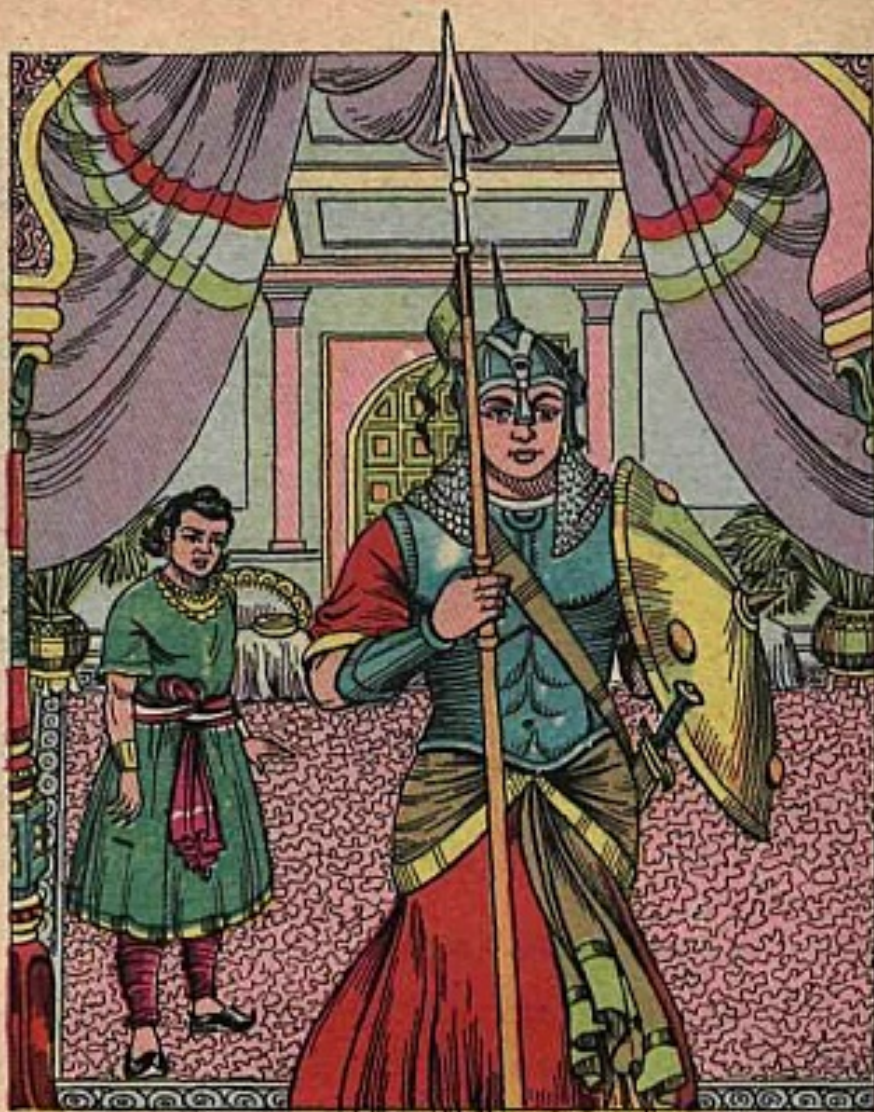
Dismissing the Prince's pleas with a shrug, the Princess donned the armour, and taking care not to speak to anyone, she strode out of the palace and mounting her husband's charger, quickly led the troops out of the city.

Several days passed, during which time the Prince kept himself well hidden in their chambers, tormented with thoughts of his beloved Princess being wounded or killed. Then, as he paced aimlessly up and down, he heard the joyous sound of trumpets, and from a window he could see the troops returning with the Princess riding at their head.

Minutes later the Princess burst into their chambers. "There is not a moment to be lost," she said. "The King awaits you, but my younger brother suspects you were not with the army. Don this armour quickly and as I was wounded in the foot, you must also be wounded." With that she drew her sword and made a long deep scratch on the Prince's foot.

For once the Prince didn't seem to mind the sight of blood, but later when he entered the

**The Princess
donned her
husband's armour**



audience chamber to give an account of the foray to the King, he bitterly realised how much he owed to the Princess for saving his honour.

In the audience chamber the Princes's brothers eyed the Prince keenly, but when the younger brother, Prince Pra-deep, saw the bandaged foot he explained. "I must have been wrong. Prince Manohar did lead our troops, because I was at his side when he was wounded."

The Princess hoped that now her husband would overcome this peculiar twist in his character, but his hatred for violence was deep-seated and trying to talk to him about it was of no avail.

All went smoothly until the morning when messengers galloped up to the palace, with the alarming news that all the tribes across the border had declared war on the kingdom, and were bent on invading the capital. Everyone was in an uproar, for



Did the Prince lead the troops or not?

it sounded as though the invading force would far outnumber their own army.

The King made Prince Manohar commander of the army, and ordered him to march and defeat the invaders. The Princess pleaded with the Prince to go and fight, but it all seemed in vain.

"You must go," she said tearfully. "The kingdom is in danger and if you refuse to go, the people will lose heart, then all will be lost."

Then the Princess had an idea. "Don your armour," she demanded. "Lead the army, and

I will meet you outside the city. Then I will take your place and fight to save our honour."

In the end, the Prince agreed, and at the head of the army he rode out of the city, hardly aware of the citizens who lustily cheered them on their way.

Not far from the city, the Prince gave the command to halt, for streaming across the hills to their front, came the invading tribes. Before the Prince could decide what to do, the Princess rode up alongside him.

Greeting him with a smile, the Princess leaned close to him

and whispered. "I know you will fight with honour." At the same time she struck his horse savagely with her whip. The terrified horse went off at a mad gallop, and the troops seeing their commander charging towards the enemy, rode pell mell after him, brandishing their weapons and shouting their war cries.

The tribesmen wavered before this onslaught, and Prince Manohar and his cavalry charged straight through the enemy ranks, inflicting havoc with their swords and lances.

The Prince gazing at his bloodied sword, realised he no longer feared violence and rallying his men, led another charge through the enemy ranks. The tribesmen had never encountered such resolute fighters, and many discarded their weapons and endeavoured to flee from the field of battle.

The fighting raged on, though many of the tribesmen had lost the will to fight and were cut down trying to escape. Suddenly Prince Manohar saw that the young Prince Pradeep, had lost his horse and was valiantly trying to defend himself from a number of tribesmen, who had surrounded him.

Prince Manohar rushed to the rescue, and although he received a wound in his side from a spear thrust, he managed to kill several of the enemy, and the remainder threw down their arms and ran.

With Prince Pradeep mounted behind him, Prince Manohar rode off the battle field. The day had been won, and never again would the tribesmen dare to attack the kingdom.

Proclaimed a great hero, Prince Manohar had won his spurs, and in the years that followed, the Prince became renowned as a great warrior and a just ruler.

A man obviously in bad condition from the night before stepped up to a bar and sputtered through trembling lips, "Give—give me something for a hangover."

"What do you want?" asked the bartender.

The sufferer could only manage to blurt out: "Tall—cold—and full of gin."

"Sir," snapped a drunk who was standing next to him, "you are referring to the woman I love!"

Young thing: "Not only has he broken my heart and wrecked my life, but he's messed up my entire evening!"



THE SPIDER'S WEB

Grandfather peering over the top of his book, wondered why the children were so quiet. Oh! there they are, standing open-mouthed watching a busy spider cleverly weaving his web on the cross-beams of the verandah.

Turning to her grandfather, little Nadira cried out, "Grandfather, why does there have to be spiders? They are such horrid crawly things."

Grandfather put his book down with a sigh. "There is an old sanskrit verse which says that in the whole of creation there is not one thing, which is useless."

"Surely that doesn't include such things as spiders and beetles?" queried Nadira.

"Of course it does," said grandfather. "I will tell you a little story of how a spider helped a king":—

Many years ago the Kingdom of Madya was ruled by King Yashpal, who was considered a very learned philosopher. Now King Yashpal loathed all insects, which he considered to be just a nuisance in life. In fact his dislike for insects was so intense, he gave orders to exterminate all insects in the kingdom.

Now there came a day when the kingdom was invaded, and when King Yashpal's army was badly defeated, the King with a few trusted followers, had to flee for their lives.

To try and elude their pur-

suers, the King and his men hid in a forest. But sleep was out of the question for swarms of mosquitoes kept them awake, and it was lucky they did, otherwise the King would never have heard his adversaries creeping up on them through the undergrowth.

The King and his men stumbled to their feet and making as little noise as possible, went deeper into the forest. After some time, they came to the foot hills, but the barren slopes offered scant hiding places. Suddenly one of the men discovered a small cave partly obscured by boulders. Here at least was shelter, and there was always the chance that their pursuers would not discover the cave.

When day broke, they heard the soldiers grumbling and shouting as they climbed the hillside. Hardly daring to

breathe, the King and his companions stood silent and tense as the soldiers drew nearer to their hiding place. Soon the King could see shadowy figures at the entrance of the cave, and then a loud voice exclaimed. "They cannot be in here. For there is an unbroken spider's web across the entrance. They must have gone on. So come along, otherwise we shall never catch them."

When the soldiers had departed, the King gave a great sigh of relief. Whilst they had been inside the cave, a busy spider had spun its web across the entrance, and in doing so, saved the life of a King.

Grandfather made himself more comfortable in his chair and reached for his book. "So you see children," he said with a smile. "Even a small spider can change the pages of history."



"Well there's nothing wrong with your reflexes!"



THE PRINCESS

Once there was a young Chinese scholar named Chen. He was very clever and he wished to earn some money for his parents, who were old and quite poor, so he found a well-paid job as secretary to an important general. The general was very fond of sport and often took his young secretary with him on his sporting trips.

One day, as they returned from a pleasure cruise on the general's barge, they saw a

dolphin, leaping and plunging in the water nearby.

The general called for his bow and shot an arrow into the dolphin. Then the sailors threw out a net and drew the wounded creature on board. To everyone's surprise there was a small fish clinging to the dolphin's tail.

Chen felt sorry for the dolphin and the little fish. He drew out the arrow and placed a plaster on the wound in the



AND THE SCARF

dolphin's side. Then he begged the general to put them back in the water.

The general, amused by Chen's action, agreed and in a few moments the dolphin was swimming away.

About a year later, Chen was crossing the same stretch of water in a small boat, having been on an errand for the general.

A sudden squall struck the little boat and it overturned,

throwing Chen into the water. He clung for dear life to an old crate and all night long he was carried onwards by waves and current.

Next morning, Chen was washed up, half dead, on a part of the shore he had never seen before. It seemed a beautiful place, but there was no sign of houses or people and feeling very hungry, Chen set off to see if he could find a house.

As he walked along, an arrow

whizzed past and stuck into the trees near him. Chen hid behind some bushes as he heard horses come galloping towards him and to his surprise, he saw a group of laughing girls. They were all dressed in scarlet riding-jackets and each carried a bow and a quiver full of arrows. They were all lovely but to Chen one seemed far lovelier than all the rest.

Chen followed them until he came to a clearing, in a wood. There were all the beautiful girls, laughing and talking as they rested.

Chen approached a boy who was looking after some hounds nearby and asked where he might get food. The boy took some food from his bag and gave it to Chen, telling him in a low voice to leave at once.

"This is a hunting party from the palace," said the boy. "The princess and her ladies are at the moment resting in that glade, but I am sure that anyone found spying on them would be put to death."

Chen thanked the boy and hurried away. Soon he saw a large building in the distance and he went towards it, hoping that it might be a monastery where he could find food and shelter.

As he drew nearer, he saw that it was no monastery, but a large palace, surrounded by a wall. In the wall was a small door, half open. Chen went in and found himself in



a magnificent garden. He saw a lovely summer house and near it a swing.

Hardly had he had time to notice all this when he heard the sound of horses and gay laughter. Guessing that it was the hunting party, he hid himself to watch.

Soon the gay crowd of girls came into the garden and went towards the summer house. In the midst of them was the one whom Chen thought the loveliest girl he had ever seen. The others treated her with great respect and Chen knew she must be the princess.

At last they went away and Chen came from his hiding-place. There, on the floor, lay a red silk scarf and Chen saw that it was the same as those which the girls had worn round their hair. Perhaps the lovely princess had dropped it.

Chen picked up the scarf and took it into the summer house. There he found some writing materials, ink blocks and brushes. Many scholars wrote on silk in those days, painting the letters with long, fine brushes and Chen was very skilled at that kind of work. He took up a brush and began to write a poem on the scarf,

in a beautiful script.

When he had finished, Chen put the scarf on the table with a sigh. He decided that it was time he left, for he did not want his head cut off for spying on the princess.

He went to the little door in the wall, but to his horror it was locked. All the other gates were locked and he returned to the summer house.

Suddenly one of the girls entered. "Ah, at last I have



found the princess's scarf," she said. Then she saw Chen. "Who are you?" she asked.

"I am a poor scholar," Chen replied. "I was shipwrecked and washed up on the shore and found my way here. Help me noble lady."

The girl saw the poem written on the scarf. "What is this?" she asked.

"It is a poem which I wrote while I was waiting here," said Chen.

"I cannot help you now, for the princess will see it and want to know who wrote it," said the girl and hurried away.

She returned, bringing food. "The princess liked your poem, but she does not know what is to be done with you. You must stay here till morning," she said.

Next morning the girl came



There was a young fellow of Lyme
Who lived with three wives at a time.

When they asked: "Why the third?"

He replied: "One's absurd,
And bigamy, Sir, is a crime."

An epicure dining at Crewe,
Found quite a large mouse in his stew.

Said the waiter, "Don't shout,
And wave it about,
Or the rest will be wanting some, too."

again. "Someone has told the queen you are here and she is furious," she said. "You are to be arrested."

No sooner had the girl left than guards appeared and seized Chen, but close behind them was one of the queen's waiting-women. "You are Chen," she cried. "I must tell the queen at once."

Chen was led to the palace and taken before the queen. She welcomed Chen graciously.

"I am the wife of the king who rules this lake," she said.

"Last year I went to visit my parents, who are the rulers of the great river which feeds this lake. I changed myself into a dolphin to make the journey easier. I was that dolphin whom you had thrown back into the water and the little fish which clung to its tail was my waiting-woman. Tell me what is your dearest wish and the people of the Lake will grant it."

Chen thought of the lovely princess with whom he had fallen in love, but he could not say this, so he only sighed and remained silent.

"Was your poem written from your heart?" asked the queen.

"It was, Your Majesty," said Chen.

The queen sent for the princess. "This is the young scholar who wrote the poem which pleased you so much," she said. "He wishes to marry you."

The princess was delighted and the marriage was arranged at once. Chen lived among the Lake People with his princess, but once each year he travelled across the great lake in a magnificent barge to take his old parents rich presents. They were amazed at his wealth and finery, but he would never tell them where they came from, or who was the beautiful lady who was sometimes in his barge.

Chen was taken before the queen.



THE SLAVE ...

Hussein the slave, waited patiently until the night of the great festival, when he knew that the guards would be more interested in wine and food, than guarding the palace.

Watching his opportunity, Hussein clambered over the palace walls, and was gone like a shadow long before any alarm was raised. For three days he hid in a derelict old building on the outskirts of the city, only coming out at night to scavenge for food.

Then his luck deserted him. Making his way back to his hiding place, he was accosted by two of the palace guard, who pounced on him before he could escape.

The following morning, heavily shackled, Hussein was brought before the Emperor to be sentenced, and the chief minister who believed in quick justice said. "O Emperor, As an example to other slaves, this man should be taken to the public square and trampled to death by your great war elephants."

"That sounds reasonable," said the Emperor, and looking at poor Hussein he asked. "Have you anything to say in your defence?"

"O noble Emperor," pleaded Hussein, falling to his knees. "If you execute me, you will forever have the blood of an innocent man on your conscience. For I committed no crime, except my desire for freedom. Now if I was to cut the throat of your chief minister, you could have me executed without any qualms."

"You are not without wit, you rascal," bellowed the Emperor, with a side-long glance at his chief minister, who seemed to be busy feeling his throat. "I will grant you your freedom, providing you swear to be a loyal servant of the palace, and refrain from cutting the throat of my chief minister."

Manjgri maintains that the Prince is a vile beast

The Plot that Failed



It was one of those usual hot, airless days and the beautiful Princess Hansa and her cousin, Manjgri, were sitting on a balcony in the royal palace idly chatting, when, in the distance, shouting and cheering could be heard.

"I wonder why the people are cheering?" said the Princess. "Let us send one of the servants to find out."

Just then Ashok, the Princess's hand maid burst into the room. "There is wonderful news, Your Highness," she shouted excitedly. "Prince Kamalakar has defeated the King of Anga

in a great battle, and the Prince, with his victorious army are coming here."

The Princess was jubilant. Everyone knew of Prince Kamalakar, the valiant warrior and many were the tales woven around his bravery on the field of battle. For years now, the tyrant King of Anga had invaded all the neighbouring kingdoms, pillaging and plundering in a welter of blood. And now Prince Kamalakar, heir to the Kingdom of Kosal, had brought peace to the land. No wonder the people were cheering.



The Princess flees into the forest to avoid the evil Prince

There were also many rumours that the Princess's father, the King of Vidisa, was anxious to arrange the betrothal of the Princess with Prince Kamalakar, which would unite the two kingdoms and ensure peace throughout northern India.

On the following day, the Prince and his army encamped outside the city walls. The King with all his courtiers, rode out in state to welcome the Prince, and the same evening the King told his daughter that the Prince had graciously asked for her hand in marriage.

At first the Princess was

thrilled, then she began to wonder whether her future husband was as handsome and as good natured as people said. Or perhaps he was just another ill-bred tyrant, that reveled in the bloodshed of warfare.

The Princess naturally confided her misgivings to her cousin Manjgri, who was inclined to laugh at such thoughts, but later, with the air of a conspirator, she exclaimed. "We can soon settle all these doubts. Tonight I will dress as a peasant and visit the Prince's camp. Then it will be simple to find out what kind of a man he is."

The Princess thought this a marvellous idea, and later, Manjgri in the guise of a peasant woman, stole out of the city into the army camp. It was not difficult to find the Princes' tent, bedecked with flags and banners. When Manjgri peered through an opening, and saw this Prince, she was amazed that any man could be so good looking, and when he spoke to his commanders in the tent, his golden voice sent a tremor through her body.

Jealousy welled up inside Manjgri. Why should her

cousin marry the Prince? Why not herself? As she hurried back to the palace, she was determined that somehow she would marry the Prince.

When she reached the palace, she found the Princess awaiting her return. Feigning a look of horror and wringing her hands, she sobbed to the Princess. "The Prince is a vile beast. I saw him with my own eyes. He was besotted with drink, and raving like a madman. When some poor servant accidentally spilled a few drops of wine on the Prince's tunic, he jumped to his feet and with a savage laugh plunged a dagger into the hapless servant. You cannot marry such a fiend."

The Princess was horrified at such a frightful story and begged her cousin to help her. "Tomorrow morning I have to ride with the Prince to Kosal, to meet his father, the King. I cannot marry such a brutal drunkard. What shall I do?"

"Then there is not a moment to be lost," announced Manjgri. "Put on some old clothes and go and hide in the forest. Along the path you will see an old dead tree with a hollow trunk. Hide in there and I will join you in the morning."



Manjgri gleefully watched the tree burn down

You need not worry, because Ashok, your maid, can be relied upon to keep our secret."

The Princess did as she was bid and dressed as a servant girl, ran into the forest. When she came to the old dead tree, it looked so ghostlike and forbidding, she decided to hide in the lower branches of a banyan tree close by, where she would be sure to see Manjgri coming along the path.

When morning came, the Princess, having spent an uncomfortable night, wondered what could be detaining Manjgri. Then in the distance she



Deep in the forest, the sad Princess was living

heard the sound of trumpets, and along the path came a resplendent cavalcade, led by nobles on their prancing chargers, followed by state elephants. But surely that was Manjgri seated beside someone on the leading elephant. What did it all mean? Why had Manjgri taken her place?

As the cavalcade approached the old dead tree, Manjgri let out a shriek and clung to the Prince. "What ever is the matter?" asked the Prince in some alarm.

"That tree," said Manjgri pointing to the dead tree. "I

dreamt of it last night and inside it is a dreadful evil spirit. Please, I beg of you, burn it down."

"You are imagining things," replied the Prince, with a smile. "But we will soon get rid of the tree." Some of the soldiers soon had bundles of brushwood round the base of the tree, and in no time the tree was a vast flaming torch.

The Princess was astounded at the scene before her eyes, then it slowly dawned on her that she was the victim of a plot for Manjgri to take her place and marry the Prince, who wasn't some terrible person after all.

Manjgri, seated alongside the Prince, heaved a sigh of relief as the tree went up in flames. Now her silly cousin will be burnt to a cinder, and I can marry the Prince.

When the cavalcade reached Kosal, and the reception given by the King was over, Ashok the maid, confronted Manjgri in her apartment and demanded to know what had happened to the Princess.

"You will keep your mouth shut," retorted Manjgri angrily. "Your precious Princess is dead, and now I will marry the

Prince."

Ashok backed away from Manjgri. "You must be mad," she cried. "I will go and tell the Prince the truth."

Before she could reach the door, Manjgri picked up a heavy ornament and crashed it on Ashok's head. Greivously injured, Ashok managed to get to her feet, and drawing a small dagger she always carried, plunged it into Manjgri's breast. Manjgri screamed, which brought guards into the room. The Prince was sent for, but by the time he arrived, Manjgri was dead.

Nothing could be done for Ashok, but before she died, she managed to tell the Prince of Manjgri's foul scheme and begged him to search for the Princess, who she was sure could not have perished in the flames of the tree.

The Prince wasted no time, and with some of his retinue, galloped back to the forest. For two whole days they searched, and then in a small clearing, the Prince came on an old shepherd's hut. Seated outside was a lovely girl, her head bowed as if in sorrow.

Dismounting from his horse, the Prince approached the girl and said. "Surely you must be Princess Hansa?"

When the girl bleakly nodded, the Prince knelt by her side and told her the whole dreadful story. When the Princess explained that she had hidden in the woods because she understood he was a vile beast, the Prince just laughed.

Later, the Prince took the Princess to Kosal, and with the ugly story forgotten, their betrothal was announced with great rejoicing.





"I told you that the bottom of that cooking pot was wearing thin!"



"Look him straight in the eyes, Carstairs—it intimidates them!"

GEOGRAPHY

Japan



GEOGRAPHY

Japan



GEOGRAPHY

Japan



GEOGRAPHY

Japan



GEOGRAPHY

Japan

JAPAN is somewhat low in natural resources so that she has to import many goods. Her main imports at the present time are numerous raw materials like wool, cotton, rubber, iron ore, coal, salt, hides and wood pulp, a great many foodstuffs like sugar, wheat, barley and soya beans and also chemicals, petroleum and certain specialised machinery.

The principal Japanese exports are machinery, ships, canned fish, chemicals and goods like toys, cameras, transistor radios, china and sewing machines.

Ships are built at Nagasaki by the Mitsubishi company. The picture on the other side of this index card shows a supertanker being constructed at Nagasaki.

GEOGRAPHY

Japan

THE Emperor of Japan is His Majesty Hirohito who succeeded to the throne on 25th December, 1926. The Crown Prince is his son, Prince Akihito, who has three children.

The flag of Japan is white and is charged with a red sun—Japan is also known as Nippon Koku or the Land of the Rising Sun.

The Japanese language uses Chinese characters as a rule, but until about the 7th century, A.D., was merely a spoken language. English is the most widely known of all foreign languages and is a compulsory subject in many schools.

The traditional costumes of Japan are well known. They are colourful and—to western eyes—extremely distinctive. The picture on the other side of this index card shows male and female traditional costumes.

GEOGRAPHY

Japan

JAPAN is a country situated in the North Pacific Ocean and is made up of four principal islands and numerous small ones. The four principal islands are Honshu, Shikoku, Kyushu and Hokkaido.

The total area of Japan is 142,812 square miles and the population was recently estimated as being something in the region of 102 million.

The interior is mountainous and there are many volcanoes, now mostly dormant. Of these, the most famous is Mount Fuji. This is a sacred mountain and is the highest in the whole of Japan, being about 12,370 ft. One of the active volcanoes is Mount Aso which is on the island of Kyushu.

Earthquakes are fairly common in Japan and occur mainly along the Pacific coastline.

GEOGRAPHY

Japan

THE capital city of Japan is Tokyo and with a population of over 11½ million, is the most populated city in the world.

There are many temples in Tokyo and also a number of theatres. Two of the principal theatres are the Nippon Theatre and the Kabukiza Theatre. The Kabukiza Theatre is shown in the picture on the other side of this index card.

At one time, the city was known as Jeddo or Yedo but it was given the name Tokyo, which means "Eastern city" in 1868.

It was founded in the 16th century but was damaged by a fire in 1892 which destroyed 4,000 houses. A great part of the city was destroyed by the earthquake of 1923 when around 30,000 people were killed.



THE MOUSE PRINCESS

Many years ago, there lived a French king, who had three sons. As time went by and he grew older, he made up his mind that he would enjoy his last years quietly and decided to hand over the crown to one of his sons, but which one?

He knew that each son had certain qualities which would make a good and wise ruler, but no one son had all of them.

It was then that he realised the most important quality of all in a king. It was a good queen.

He called his three sons to him and to each of them he handed a bundle of flax, saying, "Each of you shall take this flax to the lady of your choice, for her to spin into thread. In seven days time, you must return with the thread to me."

The two elder brothers each loved a lady of the Court, one a countess, the other a duke's daughter. They realised that their father was setting a test to find a good queen for one of them, so they went at once to their ladies. Both maidens

were very beautiful, but being of noble birth, they had never learned to spin flax. However, both set to work eagerly, for each wanted to be a queen.

The youngest son had no maiden whom he loved. He was too quiet and shy to mix at Court. Sadly, he put the flax away in his pocket and rode out into the forest.

Now, a few years before this, in a nearby kingdom, a young princess had been unlucky enough to displease a wicked witch and the witch had turned her into a mouse.

"A mouse you shall stay, until the day you make me laugh," the witch had cackled.

Since the witch was very bad-tempered and had never been known to laugh in her life, there seemed very little chance for the princess ever to return to her natural form, so she had run away.

On the day that the youngest prince rode by, the mouse princess was sitting on top of a ruined wall and it just so happened that here the young prince stopped to rest for a while. Seeing that he looked sad, the mouse ran down to join him.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

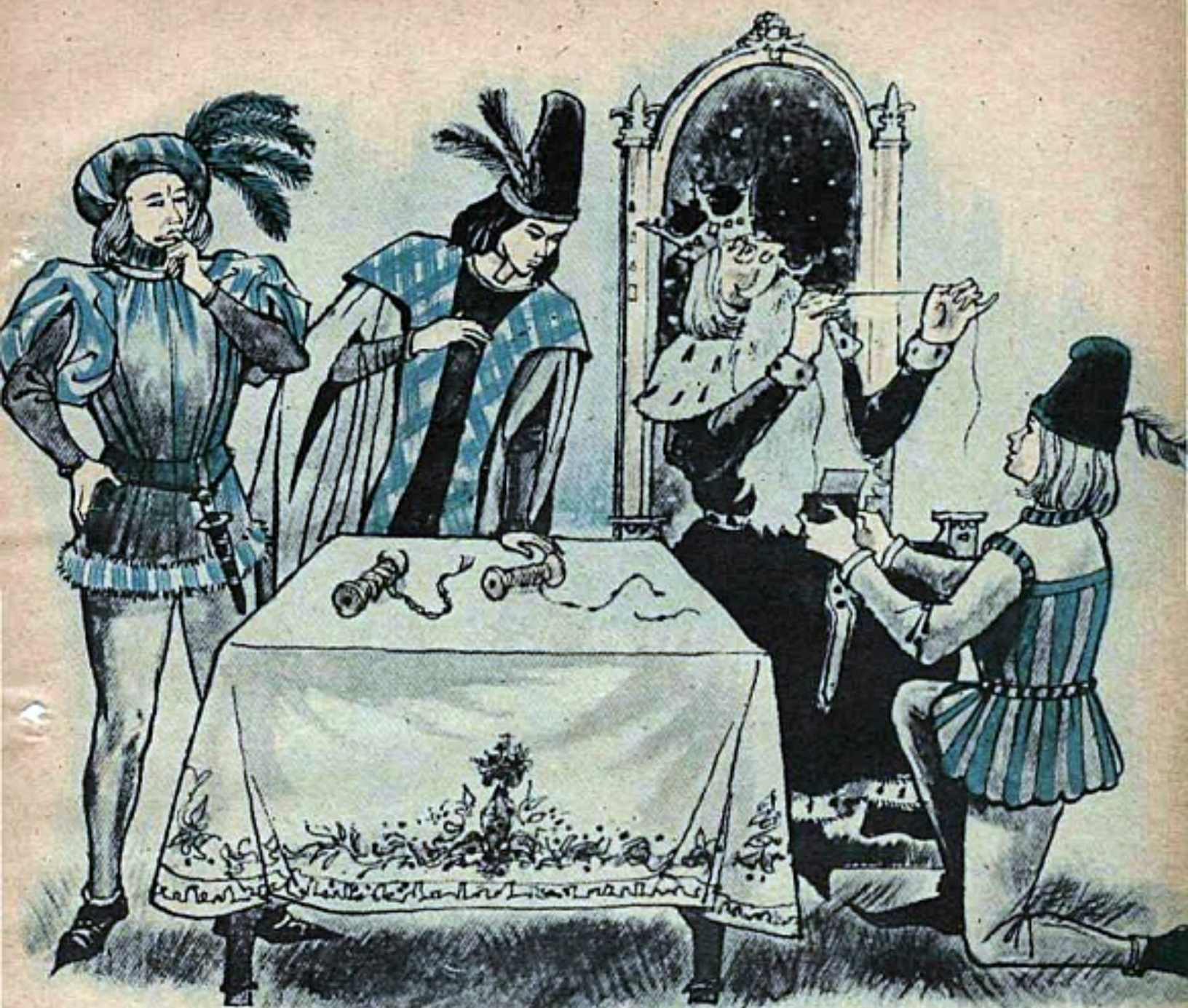
The prince told her the whole story and when he had finished, she said, "Do not worry. Leave the flax with me. When you return in seven days, you will see what you shall see."

A week later, the prince returned and the mouse was waiting for him with a little box.

The puzzled young prince thanked the mouse and returned to Court. His brothers were already there, showing their father the thread woven by their ladies. The Countess's thread was a thick and as coarse as rope, while that spun by the duke's daughter was thin and straggly.

Then, the youngest prince offered the box to his father and when the king opened it, he found a ball of bright, shiny thread, as fine as hair, but so strong that he could not break it.

The king smiled and said, "Now, I have seen what your ladies can do. Tomorrow, I would like to see the ladies themselves. Bring them here at midday and then I will tell you which of you is to become king in my place."



The two elder princes hurried off to their ladies, who, when they heard the news, were thrown into a great fluster and began to search out their finest gowns and jewellery.

The youngest prince returned at once to the forest and explained this new problem to the mouse princess.

"I know that you cannot help any more, little mouse," he said, "but I would like to give you my ring, a gift for helping me this far."

He slipped off his ring, gave it to the mouse and before the mouse could reply, he had remounted his horse and ridden away.



"I will help you," the mouse princess called out, "I will think of something."

However, next day came and she had no plan, but she decided to go to the Royal Court anyway, to comfort the sad young prince.

She ran until she thought she could run no more, but she was still a long way from the palace. Then, suddenly, she saw a black cockerel wandering along the path. Perhaps she could ride to the palace. Quickly, she plaited some grass to make a bridle and found a dock leaf for a saddle and then with the young prince's ring in her mouth, she mounted the cockerel and set off once more. It so happened, that on the way to the palace, they had to pass the castle where the wicked witch lived and as they passed by, the witch was sitting at her window.

Now, as you have heard, this witch had never been known to laugh, or even smile, but when she saw the mouse riding a black cock, she gave a scream of delight and laughed helplessly until the tears ran down her cheeks.

At once, the princess returned to her natural form and the

cock became a fine, black horse. Quickly, they galloped towards the palace, for it was nearly midday.

In the Court, the two elder princes stood before their father with their brides, the countess and the duke's daughter, who were both so laden with jewels and finery that they could hardly move. At the back, all alone, stood the young prince.

"Where is your bride?" the king asked him.





Just as he was about to answer, the mouse princess appeared.

"I take it this is she," smiled the king. "You have chosen wisely, for here is a natural beauty, not one made so by fine clothes and flashing jewels.

You shall become king and this fair maid shall be your queen."

The puzzled prince was about to protest, when the princess showed him the ring he had given the mouse and then he understood.

TABBY and the Burglar

ONE NIGHT, TABBY AND DOG ARE FAST ASLEEP. SUDDENLY...

CRASH

SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE DOWNSTAIRS. LET'S CHECK!





High
ambitions?



use deluxe **camel ink**



There's health in

Phosfomin

for all the family



Phosfomin is a rich tonic, with Vitamin B Complex and multiple Glycerophosphates to keep your family strong, lively and healthy. No more that feeling of tiredness and fatigue with Phosfomin in the home. Phosfomin restores vigour, stimulates appetite, builds up stamina, strengthens body's resistance. The whole family enjoys good health with Phosfomin.



Phosfomin...
the green fruit-flavoured
vitamin tonic

**TIT
SQUIBB**

SARABHAI CHEMICALS

® represents the Registered Trademark
of E. R. Squibb & Sons' Inc., of which
KPPL are the licensed users

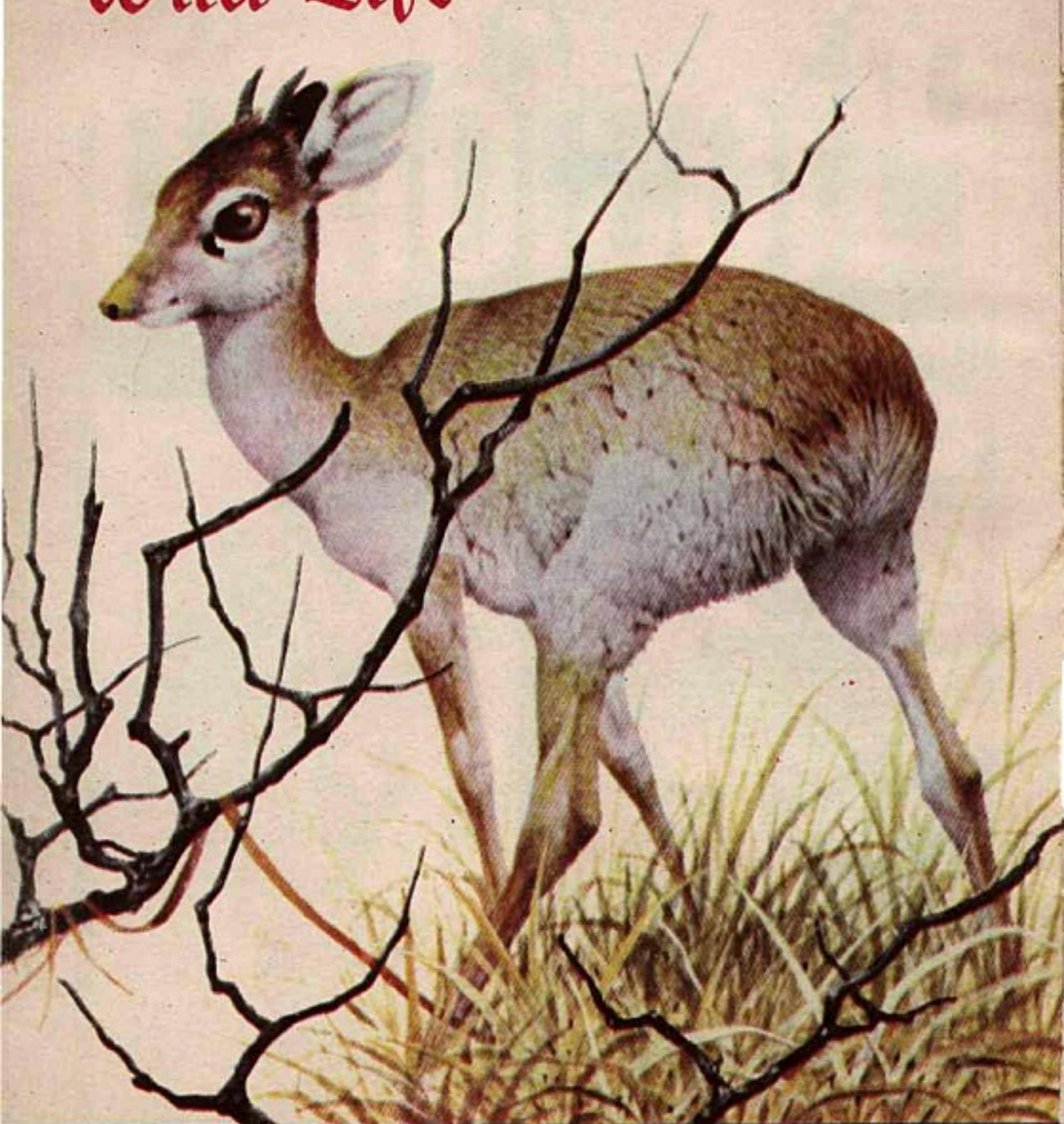


FEBRUARY 1972

Regd. No. M. 8686

Registered as a Newspaper in Ceylon

Wild Life



D for Dik-Dak a tiny toy-like antelope, that lives in East Africa. At twilight you might see them feeding on grass, shrubs and trees.